

Chapter 387 Pissed Off

Genevieve glanced at her. “You met quite a lot of handsome men before too, no?”

“I did, but it's the first time I've seen someone as handsome as him. He looks like an angel descended from heaven.”

Genevieve felt a little nauseated, so she pulled out a single cranberry from her bag and ate it.

“Why are you eating that? You should eat more meat!” Johanna used her fork to point at her friend's plate. “You're too thin right now. If you're any thinner, you're gonna be blown away by the wind! I can order something else if you don't fancy having beef.”

“My stomach hasn't been feeling well lately. I'll eat them later. You should eat yours first.”

“Okay.” Johanna stayed silent for a while before starting again, “Didn't you celebrate Mr. Faulkner's birthday not too long ago? Why did you suddenly decide to divorce him?”

Genevieve lowered her eyes. “My marriage with Mr. Faulkner was only meant to achieve our personal goals. Now that the Wood family has fallen, he's useless to me. So why stay married?”

That makes sense.

Johanna silently drank her juice.

Then she asked, “Why did you marry Jack, then? Do you like him?”

From what she knew about her friend, she didn't think Genevieve would like a man like Jack.

Genevieve's lips twitched. She wanted to say something but decided to say something else in the end. “He's handsome, rich, and he likes me.”

“Mr. Faulkner is rich and handsome too...” Johanna mumbled.

Suddenly, she stared into her friend's eyes. “Is it because you want to be loved by someone, Genev? Did you divorce Mr. Faulkner because you think he doesn't love you enough?”

“Mm,” Genevieve agreed with her friend's speculation. That was a part of it.

Johanna thought, I mean, he was nice to Genev. He intentionally went to Baykeep to find her and protect her. Didn't he also ask someone to prepare fireworks for her? There was also that time when he hurriedly rushed to the mine when he heard that she got into an accident. Yet, I've never heard him say he loved her before. I guess that explains why she wanted to divorce him.

Johanna continued to grill the meat and said, “Mr. Valentine is pretty good. I notice that there's a gentle look in his eyes every time he looks at you. It's like you're the only person he can ever see. Who doesn't like to be loved in such an obvious way? Genev, no matter who you fall in love with, I'll support you! Even if you decide to marry ninety times, that is your freedom to choose. Ignore what anyone else says about you.”

Genevieve's lips twitched. “Ninety times? Are you crazy or am I crazy?”

“Haha, why not? It's definitely possible if you put your heart into it!” Johanna grinned mischievously. “You can marry all the good men on this planet once!”

Genevieve rolled her eyes.

After she had the cranberry, her appetite became better. She picked up a fork and began eating the beef.

When the both of them wrapped up their meals, it was already eight in the evening.

Snow was still falling outside, making the scenery look beautiful. Johanna felt that her friend had been staying indoors for far too long, so she brought her to a bar.

Meanwhile, Cooper asked his assistant to come and pick him up at the bar two hours later. Upon entering the bar, he familiarly navigated to the private room he booked.

When he entered the room, he saw Timothy playing on his phone. “Where's Mr. Faulkner?”

“He got a dinner appointment tonight. I bet he's still keeping the bigwigs company.” Timothy put away his phone when he saw Cooper walking in.

He poured wine into two glasses and gave one to Cooper. “Why do you look like that after two months? Does it piss you off so much to see your ex-wife marrying someone else?”

Cooper snorted, grabbed the glass, and sat on another couch.

“Hey, what was that?”

“Because you're making fun of the wrong person.” Cooper took a sip of the wine. “The person who's pissed off should be Mr. Faulkner.”

The room to the door was suddenly opened.

Armand stepped into the room with his coat hanging on his arm. He heard that last sentence and furrowed his eyebrows. “What am I pissed off about?”